

LYRICS OF  
REASON AND  
EXPERIENCE



MUNYARADZI MAWERE

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM

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# Lyrics of Reason & Experience

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Munyaradzi Mawere



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# Dedication

*To Prof Francis B. Nyamnjoh  
For stimulating my thinking  
and for all his mentorship  
and scholarly inspiration!*



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# You

You and trouble are brothers if not sisters  
Twin sisters  
Or better twin viruses

You!  
You don't know when to choose  
Sometimes you choose the wrong time  
Not because you are disgusted with our being  
But because you don't know when to choose

Like sea wind  
You don't know when to blow  
Not because you hate the sea  
But because you don't know when to blow

Like a tree seed  
You don't know where to emerge  
Not because you have no feelings  
But because you don't know when and where to choose

Like mad waters  
You don't know where to flow to  
Not because you love demolition and plundering of property  
But because you don't know where to direct your energies

Like the mentally disturbed  
You wonder about and visit all places  
Not because you love all places  
Or respect all people  
But because you don't know where to visit

You

The best buddy of trouble

## The New Generation

When I cry myself hoarse  
Who on this land will hear my weak voice?  
When I sing myself hoarse  
Who on this land will pay heed to my unfinished song?  
When I call myself hoarse  
Who on this land will hearken to my hoarse voice of wisdom,  
the message of our unfinished business?

Our hearts  
Elders  
Are heavy  
Replete with much sorrow  
Caught on prevaricated crossroads

Penetrating deep the labyrinth of the hearts of our youths  
The leaders of the day tomorrow  
We see only sluiced conscience build around crucibles of mist  
smoke

Their minds  
Chartered with the vertigo of westernization  
That our forefathers condemned in their loud voices  
Never would they dare imagining chasing the western ghettos  
of the day  
And these odd cultures writhed in manacles of globalization  
Harbingers of bad omen on the land  
Upland by the Rafrat hills  
Thick forests of miombo woodlands have become a desert in  
the measure of a second  
The wetlands in the east have been helplessly marooned

On the other side of the hills – there  
Our ancestors have been cursed  
Their burial shrines are now suburbs of the western style  
The night now never fall  
Flowering girls never sleep even a minute  
Following the seditious rays of the new sun that never sets  
Only to be stubbornly harvested raw  
Shattering hard the dreams of their forefathers

Our generation heaves a sigh of change  
Fragrant nostalgia of lived hazy maze of our childhood  
Now scratching the back of our heads all day  
Taking stock of our good that so far has perished  
In the guise of what is their best  
Our worst  
Only regrets

## Continue on your Road

This is the time  
The onset of a protracted revolution;

The sun is rising, rise my son, rise with it!  
For this is the time to rise

Through perseverance and courage the sun has travelled  
through darkness  
The rays of the long day are spreading before you with  
dazzling brilliance  
A sign for good hope  
Yet the journey still lies long your way

Start now then, start  
Your protracted journey of struggles of good hope

There will be scorching heat along your way  
With tinkling rays penetrating deep to your bones  
Courage!  
That is time to rise

What do you do when danger approaches and there is no way  
out?  
Stand up on your feet and face it  
Even with sidekicks from all directions  
Stand up  
Courage!  
For that is time to fight

There will be thunder and hailstorms  
Tornados and cyclones of all kinds along your way  
With harsh, surly weathers  
Persevere!  
Continue on your road  
For that is time to walk

Even when weather subsides  
Bringing in you comfort, peace and calmness  
For one moment in your journey, remain vigilant:  
Of the comfort given to you to replace your sufferings  
Of the shelters offered to you to cover your body from harsh  
weathers  
Of the clothes offered to you to replace your rugs  
Of the smiles offered to you to replace your tears  
For that may be time set for you to fall

Should you fall:  
Be disheartened not  
Rise with elegance without looking at the face of your  
enemies  
Or back but forward ever  
Continue on your road  
With reinvigorated zeal  
Go!  
You will get there

## Looming Tornadoes

I looked carefully  
Listening attentively  
When I first heard the sound of the approaching tornadoes

For a moment, I pondered for the next step forward  
There were numerous spaces – empty spaces in my heart  
Worse still in my thoughts  
All had crumpled from an internal tremor  
But still harbored in the dungeons and crevices of my nerves  
for postmortem

Tanita contemplated assuming responsibility  
But that was not her  
Neither was it John  
Nor my grandma

As usual grandma worried looking  
Carried away in voyages and forays of imagination  
As day passes, night falling  
But my persona still wrapped hard in darkness

Surely fierce tornadoes were looming  
Looming, looming, looming!

Knocking hard on the door of my heart  
I could feel the smell just by the door  
As I see her - herself in her unusual mood  
A white paper in the right hand  
Her pace that of a dejected soul  
I could feel my blood simmering

My nerves numbed  
My eyes all tears – cloudy and misty  
For the looming tornados had now arrived



## Broken Hope

It remains there printed at the back of my mind  
Hidden but blatant  
It hangs  
Your untimely departure  
A warmth touch

A glimpse to the past  
A capture of runaway thoughts  
Prowling like mad bulls

Your thinking, my thinking  
An invisible resemblance  
Connected to each other in a cobweb of networks

Now the connections only shadows  
Blank, buoyant – weighed down by melancholy

Though I need them reconnected  
Hopelessness simmers  
Blowing the steam of connections further away

## A Servant of Love

It is love and only love  
That made my heart chooses  
To follow you physically and in spirit  
Everywhere you are I am present  
Day and night  
For my love is larger than the sea

This love barged into my heart  
Like man-made lightning of the witch  
Shook the walls of my arteries  
And fondled the walls of my pulmonary vein  
All my heart is invaded  
I am a servant  
Or rather a captive

I have changed my step  
To suit your pace  
I have changed my dance  
To suit your rhythm  
I have changed my song  
To suit your tune  
I have stumbled along strange paths  
To win your favours  
I have blinded my eyes  
To absorb all the love you radiate

Faithful love is blind  
Many times it is coward  
Unkind  
And even unfaithful

With all the rumours  
Even my noses smelling the rat  
My tongue made dumb with the lies of your lips  
And part of me longing to resist  
My ears refused to hear  
My eyes refused to see  
My heart refused to heed  
For now  
I am a servant  
Held captive by love the conqueror

## The Silent Violent Night

Facing east  
Glaring, a glimpse to the west  
With cloudy sorrow eyes  
Yearning for the runaway sun

Stuck for a moment  
Contemplating  
Peeling the silence of the dark night  
Layer by layer  
Like a mother decorticating an onion  
Silent

Then the night violent wind  
Chaotic  
Whips up the dark colored night  
Asking for the moon's whereabouts

I mourn in grief  
For the moon

And I yearn for the sun  
To bring its dazzling rays  
And spill its warmth  
For everything to be alright with the world  
For peace to prevail to all  
For love to plant its roots  
And for comfort to be enjoyed by all

## Sinful Old Man

He fluffed up them away  
Calmly as with love

To them he presented  
Notes of all currencies  
Cars of all models  
The high class cell phones  
And low density suburbs of Centurion

Deep in his heart he was singing  
A funeral dirge for the catch  
For he had been given the allowance to taint

An old little devil  
They envied  
His round handsome face  
His sex stealing eyes  
They all ran amok in forays of imagination  
Running up and down in voyages of an explorer  
Clinging on his broad shoulders  
Carrying themselves into his thoughts  
For they fathom nothing more than his masquerades of a  
Good Samaritan

By freeing themselves  
Alas!  
Devil's romantic tale  
Jolly yells  
Battered with wonders of madness  
To the boxes without space

They all find themselves  
Cold  
Still for good

## **A Short Love Poem**

### **I**

When I look into your eyes  
I see two rays  
A ray of comfort  
And a ray of good hope

### **II**

When I think  
I doubt not  
That God was wise  
To create man and woman  
Let alone to live in a near-far world  
Where He could watch  
The virtues He planted in men

### **III**

I will not leave you  
Wherever you go  
When you go  
Go with your body  
Your spirit  
I behold in your honor

### **IV**

When I die  
I swear  
I want them to bury me in three graves  
In God's palace  
On mother earth  
And in your heart

## V

Te day I first talked to you  
At 1 am I slept  
So overwhelmed by the imprints of imagination  
I saw myself in your long lovely arms  
Resting

## VI

I remember that other day  
My sister by my side  
Snoring  
I dreamt awake  
Seeing you – your lips stealing away my saliva  
I woke up  
To embrace your gesture  
I couldn't see you

By the whirlwind of the night  
You had been blown away  
To a place  
Far far away

Beckoning  
You couldn't see  
Calling  
You couldn't hear  
For my voice  
Was like a whisper of conscience

There  
I sat  
My soul dejected



My sister awaken  
By the sweetness but desperateness of my voice  
She couldn't recognize me  
For I was for you  
All myself

## VII

When I slept again  
God commanded  
That you come  
Give me a lovely hug  
That I ever longed  
That you pose for a sweet kiss  
That I ever longed  
That you dress me a wedding gown  
That I ever longed

## VIII

Alas!  
My God is good  
He granted me all this freedom  
To love  
Even when not loved  
To think  
Even when nobody thinks about me

He  
Is so wise  
For to us  
Who love  
He whispered:  
'They win only those who play'

I played  
Today  
We are together  
In this lovely love nest

## Geriatric Testimony

Years and years ago  
When the stars were not yet born  
When donkeys used to have horns  
And rocks raced against each other  
We used to go out at night  
Out in the moonlight  
To play  
And to dance

We were boys and girls of all ages  
Who knew that when gray leaves fall young green leaves take  
a cue  
Some from that village across the river  
Am forgetting its name  
Ah I remember!  
Makwama  
When time for song came  
We would all speak in songs  
That was our language  
Oiled with whistling willows  
Of our boys' glorified tongues

The turn for dance  
We would all speak in dances  
That was our language  
Oiled with melodious ululations  
Of our girls' glorified tongues

But that was years and years ago  
When donkeys used to have horns

And rocks raced against each other  
In competition for a win

Now  
Moonlight come  
Moonlight go  
No sign of life in the village  
For all life is dead  
No dance in the village  
For all dance is dead  
No play in the village  
For all play is dead  
Yesterday is dead  
I am speechless!

One day  
I ask: why?  
They tell me all sorts of stories:  
Westernization  
Sparkling globalization  
Formal education  
Television  
General disregard of mother culture  
Again,  
I am speechless  
For gone are the days

## **You will Never Know**

I am wasp without sting  
Bee without honey

I am concept without meaning  
Life without reason

I am bird without wings  
A donkey that flies

I am bad news  
The playmate of tears

I am sorrow that laughs  
The friend of sadness

I am trouble that searches  
The friend of danger

I am child of the sea that roars in summer  
All that comes across I devour without mercy

I am happiness that glitters  
The buddy of love

I am nothing that boasts  
The son of vacuum

I am scorpion  
The sting master of all enemies  
I am MAA'T forgotten in the temple

The lover of peace

I am gold in the mine  
A treasure left idle in the valley  
I am salt the preserver  
I am vinegar the enemy of germs

I am mayhem  
The lover of confusion

I am war the lover of demolition  
The harbinger of bad omen

I am a Good Samaritan  
The friend of those in need

I am a teacher  
The lover of wisdom

I am who what you don't think I am  
The son of stupid imagination

So,  
You will never know what I am  
Guess

## Lamentation of the Hero's Wife

In forays of imagination  
In sojourns of solitude  
I wrestle all day, all night  
Always thinking of him  
My hero  
Our hero  
But unsung

At your funeral  
Funeral of the unsung hero  
My departed lovely Loveall  
I heard stinging words I dare not speak  
I smelt scent I dare not smell  
I danced to the songs I dare not sing  
Only for the sake of your orphans  
Otherwise they wanted me to accompany your even to the  
ancestors

I remember your song  
That lovely song to all  
'Justice the cause of my fight  
Love the cause of my fight  
Peace the cause of my fight  
And survival the cause of my fight'  
Even though at that time  
Strife was the order of your day  
And treachery your daily bread

Even together  
We had the song we sang as a family

But I dare not sing here  
For fear of the ears of the air  
And eyes of the trees

That song  
Perhaps I will only sing  
The day I join the line  
And for now  
Let us only make merry  
There  
In the motherland of figmentation  
A free land for all

Though with only one eye  
Like a tadpole  
I should remain vigilant of the fish eagle  
Like a rat  
I should remain vigilant of the cat

My heart though a threadbare  
The whiff of you teasing me eternally  
Diffused in gray steaks of sorrow  
It befits not  
That I join the line now  
For in earnest I still need to fight  
For the peace you always preached  
The peace all your people very much longed



## Chocolate Star

They say I am a star born of black  
But I insist I am a star born of chocolate  
For to me the reality of color matters  
But when I say this  
They say I am too political a poet

Well,  
Like the cognoscenti of all that masquerades as white  
I am full of blooming hope and dazzling radiance  
Perhaps even more

How can I shine in the day  
If I am a star born of black?  
How can a star born of black  
Be brighter than many stars born of white?

So what then?  
You  
Experts of color  
Who define all  
Even those who don't want to be defined  
Redefine your colors  
Also your stars  
For this one over here  
A chocolate star  
That in your world is non-existent  
Exists even against your will

Even if you remain quiet  
You have heard my message

So,  
I go  
Smiling

## Poet the Painter

If painting is all about mixing colors  
Different colors of paints  
And poetry is about mixing words  
Different words to make meaning  
Then a poet is a painter  
And a painter is a poet

If painting is about making wonderful designs  
Designs that can steal away the minds of passers-by  
And poetry is about making meaningful phrases out of  
wonderfully joined words  
Phrases that can steal away the minds of the readers  
Then painting is writing poetry  
And writing poetry is painting

If painting is about making something more visible  
Visible to the eyes of those who didn't care much to see what  
is there  
And poetry is about making something clearer and more  
visible  
Clearer and more visible to those who didn't think seriously  
about the subject of poetry  
Then painting is poetry  
And poetry is painting  
If a painter paints a house for the people to see  
Painting reveals  
And a poet writes poetry for the people to read other  
people's minds  
Poetry reveals  
Then a painter is a poet

And a poet is a painter

If a painter is a creator of images  
Painting creates images with a bite  
It exhales things into being  
And if a poet is a creator of images  
Poetry creates images with a bite  
It exhales things into being

Then who am I?  
A poet or a painter?  
But they say I am poet the painter

## Reality of Things

Rain can beat a leopard's skin  
But does it have the power enough to wash her spots?

Children can play with lion's young at home  
But does they the power to tame its lioness?

A buffalo is a great animal in a jungle where there are no elephants  
But is it a great animal in a jungle where there are elephants?

A king has the power to command his servants to obey him  
But does he have the power to command hunger not to gnaw him?

A strong and hearty soldier fights fiercely in a battle  
But can he fight fiercely to live forever?

Deep waters can be calm and silent  
But do they spare a mischievous child who tests their depths with both feet?

The sword of a warrior is designed to fight an enemy  
But does it spare the owner when it is directed towards his mouth?

A frog likes water  
But does it like the water even when it is boiling?

Wealth is a good thing to have  
But isn't it that virtue is much better?

Flowers of a tree produce fruits  
But do all the flowers in a tree produce fruits?

Duck seeks water  
But isn't it that some birds avoid water?

A one-eyed man may thank God  
But isn't it that he will thank God even more when he sees a  
man who is totally blind?

A storyteller tell stories  
But isn't it that he cannot tell everything he knows?

It is good to travel with a companion  
But isn't it much better to travel alone than to travel with a  
bad companion?

A man can manage to burn his own house  
But isn't it that he cannot manage to conceal the smoke that  
comes thereupon?

A many can say something over a dead lion's body  
But isn't it that he cannot afford to say something over a  
lively lion's body?

Wood can stay a decade long in water  
But isn't it that it cannot change into a crocodile?

Forehead and backside exist on the same head  
But isn't it that they can never meet?

Cactus is bitter

But isn't it that it's not bitter even to him who doesn't taste it?

A woman can kindle fire

But isn't it that if she licks or sets her foot on it she will burn herself?

A blade is sharp

But isn't it that it cannot cut another blade?

A priest can sing "Halleluia" everywhere

But isn't it that this does not prove his piety?

Hard questions that crack the teeth

Digest

## Runaway Voyages

When shall you settle your mind?  
When shall you return from your runaway voyages?  
When shall you re-enter your motherland?  
When shall you re-unite with your fatherland?

Like the adventurous men's futile journey of escape into the space  
Like the adventurous men's futile dreams to find an empty planet  
Like the adventurous men's futile attempt to escape from mother and humanity  
Your journeys are uncertain wonderings

How long the journeys will take, you know not  
How long the journeys will cost, you know not  
Whether the journeys will be a real success, you know not  
A life of uncertainties

When shall you seek re-entry?  
When shall you seek re-union?  
When shall you settle your mind?

Your voyages are all runaway ancestors  
They are like the adventurers of Odysseus  
They are like the explorations of Cecil John Rhodes  
They are like the voyages of Vasco da Gama  
They are like the war adventures of Alexander the Greek  
They are like adventures of spacecrafts running away earth



Listen now, listen  
Your voyages are nothing more than runaway ancestors  
Your explorations are nothing more than rebellions of a child  
to its mother  
Your adventures are nothing more than a running away horse  
Come home, therefore, come home  
And re-negotiate your re-entry  
And re-negotiate your re-union  
And rethink your present-future  
And even your past-present  
Come home, therefore, come home

## The Beggar's Confessions

If they are real Christians  
They know  
That hatred is sinful  
That hard heartedness is sinful  
That love is Godly

For a decade now  
I stand here  
By the gate of the synagogue  
My poor wooden plate by my side  
My only friend

I see them  
When they pass  
Tying hard their pockets  
Lest  
What they spared for the church offering might fall  
And poor Beggar might feast on it

With the corner of an eye  
Some look  
Scornfully  
That for good I desert the gate  
My home  
To where?  
Only them know better

Now after this decade long  
My ten years of befriending the gate  
My home

I know who Christian is  
What it means to be a Christian

Christians are not those who preach Christ on top of their  
voices

Christians are not those who frequent the synagogue every  
Sunday

Christians are not those who wear church uniforms in the  
streets

Christians are not those who hold and read the Bible on the  
road

For what they really believe in

If a vagrant in the shaky behind the rich Christians' house die  
from hunger in their presence

If a beggar at the gate of the feasting synagogue lives there  
with dry lips

If brethren spare for a church uniform when the beggar by  
their gate lives in tattered rugs

If what the church can only afford to offer is the Holy  
Communion?

Then our entire path is littered with thorns

Mine is a voice of reason

Confessions of a beggar

Food for thought for all Christian fellows

Though unsweetened sour words for those who hate the  
truth

Amen!

## By the Namahacha Waters

Deep in the jungles of Namahacha

The land of the sacred

Seated

Only a few inches from the fountainhead of the sacred waters

Its reflections clear as moonlight

Its foams white as the snow of the Arctic

Down the stream

A majestic creature of mother water

Its head a beautiful angel

Its tail a big glaring fish

A human-fish!

At first

Fear grip

Then,

My spirit jostles before,

A chuckle in my face

As human-fish beckons

Inviting me for a votive feast

With a smile in her face

Off the wind

I went

To join a confederal communion

And the goddess of rendering

Only to come back

To tell this tale

## Voice of Concern

How painful it is to a hen to have its eggs of hope plundered  
by the leg of an elephant?

How painful it is to an eagle to have its one and only egg  
rotten by rain water?

How painful it is to a casualty to see his fellow friend putting  
salt on his wounds?

How painful it is to the owner of property to be defeated by a  
thief?

How painful it is to the faithful to contract HIV/Aids when  
the infidels walk away freely?

How painful it is to the innocent when they are convicted and  
the guilty are freed?

How painful it is to the industrious to get poorer when the  
indolent counterpart gets even richer?

How painful it is to the just to witness injustice prevails over  
justice even in the courts of law?

How painful it is to the lovers of peace to see war being  
waged against them and their will?

How painful it is to the deserving winners to see their losers  
win merit awards?

Mine is a voice of concern

A voice of reason

That haunts him who has thoughts in fetid syntax

Consider it!

## Cosmetic Education

Everywhere education is ideally a liberator  
Everywhere education is ideally an emancipator  
Everywhere education is ideally a civilizing agent  
Everywhere education is ideally a source of happiness  
Everywhere education is ideally a cultivator of human culture

But what is the value of education  
That is foreign to its people  
That embraces only foreign culture  
That decimates mother values  
That emphasizes mimicry and castigates creativity  
That devalues value systems of its people  
That shatters the liberation of those it attracts  
That enslaves those it purports to represent  
That instead of teaching mocks the other  
That privileges unequal encounters  
That silence critiques through imposition  
That is rigidly one-dimensional  
That cherishes prescriptiveness and discredits flexibility  
That discredits and pays no attention to alternative voices?

## Confused World

Ours is a confused world

A world where daylight nudity is now celebrated

A world where elders are now disrespected

A world where God is now replaced by human intelligence

A world where everything good is now attributed to fortune

A world where human ability is now accredited for every achievement

A world where success is now attributed to human wisdom

Ours is a confused world

A world where children crying for water are now given beer

A world where those who are ill are now wished to die

A world where hospitals now prescribe drugs that are found nowhere in the market

A world where many have now become poor impoverished by the few filthy rich

A world where the few rich refuse to share with beggars

A world where collectivism have now been substituted by individualism

A world where everything West is now considered the best even if it is the worst

Ours is a confused world!

## **Do you Really Love Me?**

If you really love me

Why did you enslave my people?

Why did you colonize my people?

Why did you sell my people firearms?

Why did you categorically terrorize my people?

Why are you against my rebellious people?

If you really love me

Why do you continue plundering my cultures in the false name of civilization?

Why do you continue dominating my systems in the false name of globalization?

Why do you continue imposing your nefarious theories that perpetuate inequality?

Why do you continue imposing your economic systems that devour my economies?

If you really love me

Why do you continue stealing away my talented sons and daughters?

Why do you continue sponsoring wars in exchange of my mineral resources?

If you really love me

Why derogatory statements made against my people are still printed on the walls of your palaces?

Why derogatory false statements claimed by your sons and daughters are still printed in the pages of your books?

Why the names of your false heroes are still printed on road signposts of my land?



If you really love me  
Why do you still play hide and seek with my people?  
Why do you still preach hypocrisy to my people?  
Why do you still preach peace with a dirty tongue?  
Why do you still sign peace accords with guns and not pens?  
When you know that oil cannot extinguish fire  
And that war cannot stop another war  
And that you cannot dig a pit to fill another pit  
And that you cannot correct one wrong by another wrong?

# Capitalism

Capitalism

The worst enemy of the poor

The worst enemy of lovers of equality and equity

An imperial baby

Cunning and treacherous

With capitalism slavery was born

With capitalism colonialism was born

With capitalism world wars were born

The worst enemy of lovers of peace

Capitalism

With capitalism social inequality was born

With capitalism domineering was born

With capitalism expansionist policies were born

With capitalism racial exploitation was born

With capitalism, money- the source of all evil- was born

Capitalism

With capitalism the ideology of racism was born

With capitalism the ideology of apartheid was born

With capitalism the ideology of money economy was born

Capitalism

With capitalism resources were siphoned off

From the colonized to the colonizer

From black to white

From Africa to Europe

From the worker to capitalist

From India to Europe

Capitalism

What good then has you brought us the majority?

Mechanization?

Money economy?

What?

## Thigh Vendors

Through what they manufacture not nor purchase they  
survive

Through dirty works of their hands they feed

Thigh vendors!

They know neither morality nor fidelity

They know no boundary so long money

Thigh vendors!

Their love places long streets of Main Avenue

Their area of specialization

Self-taught horizontal gymnastics they never studied at school

For their classroom is bedroom

Thigh vendors!

They listen to no teaching

They heed to no advice

They consider no preaching

Their gospel only preached in the bar

Thigh vendors!

Their morals defy the logic of reason

Their ideas defy the highest level of imagination

For their behavior is all contrary to the logic of culture

Thigh vendors!

They fear neither pandemic nor accident

Neither men nor God

For their god is money

And disease Vaseline to smear

Only to die a miserable death

## The Day Coming

I see the walls of the world shivering like reeds in winter  
The flour of the earth shaking and quacking as the day  
approaches

I see the world staggering like a drunkard in the moonless  
night

Missing the width size of the path house as the day  
approaches

I see big mountains racing from west to east and from north  
to south

Seeking deliverance of Him and only Him as the day  
approaches

I see deep waters of the sea wondering in confusion

All in fear of judgment against the lives they swallowed and  
devoured as the day approaches

I see the pillars of the kings' palaces shaking in reverberation  
Crumbling upon each other as deafening sound of the  
thunderous trumpet blows as the day approaches

I see the mouth of the hungry lions opening wider than the  
mouth of a pair of scissors

Only to devour those that resisted His will as the day  
approaches

I see the skeletal pieces of long dead bones reassembling in  
the precision of a maker

Joining to form yet another being that disappeared on the  
face of the earth as the day approaches

## PhD

Some say: 'It's permanent head damage'  
Others say: 'It's press her down'  
More others say: 'It's pull him down'  
For the harder you try to climb up  
The more others try hard to pull you down  
Such that it becomes a journey up and up  
A tree one cannot afford to climb with hands in the pocket

## PhD

A long journey it is  
Winding as it spirals up  
Staggering upwards slowly like smoke in a still day  
That is never certain if it will ever get to the ozone  
But they keep on saying:  
'Go! Go! Go on....'  
They say to the ceiling  
Of what?  
I know not what

## PhD

It takes not only courage  
To climb up such a tree smeared with okra  
A tree thorny all its trunk up  
But real commitment bartered with hard work  
And hard work nurtured with intelligence and wits

## PhD

A test of time and not only for the psyche  
That like death is feared by many  
That like a vicious lion leaves many with bruises

That like a fierce battle leaves many with injuries  
Physical, psychological or spiritual  
I know not what

## Big Brother

Playhouses were everything  
Then you taught me how set trapping stones for mice  
And you set a stone for me across the mice path  
To expect a catch on the morrow

You were short and I was tall and thin  
And your boyish, smart tricks was the prize I had to win  
If I were to be wiser than you or at least speak the same  
language as you did

Way, way beyond my bedding time  
Flat stones balanced on my head  
Heading towards our rich planting field

Now, I search for mice path myself  
With expertise of a medical doctor in diagnosing a disease  
Remembering all the tips and words you taught  
Making sure your voice is never lost or dies  
For it filled my ears  
The knowledge all my head  
And the tactics all my body



## Childhood in Village

The sweetness of youth is sweeter than honey  
Twice as good as adult life:  
The unconditional laughters, the happiness  
All plays, simple  
All faces the epicenters of joy  
The passion – mimicry and creativity

All contributing to positive growth;  
Of the soul, of the mind and of body  
As a baked cake, roasted in oven  
With all ingredients for it to taste

We all long to recline  
To the hey days of youths  
To the train of adventures  
That like a chameleon moves slowly but sure of the steps  
To nourish the psyche and the spirit  
And to manure and water the body

## Playhouse

Mother is my name

Theirs are father, grandma, grandpa, grandson,  
granddaughter, and children

A complete family bound by the forces of communalism and  
collectivism

We cook together

We share all our food

We work together

We share the fruit of our sweat

All in the name of collectivism

I watch as the sunrise

With a broom in my hand

My waist wrapped in *kapulana*

My head in the head gear, *dbuku*

I work, I work,

As I watch my children playing

At midmorning I am there playing with my cooking sticks

Gourd is my washing dish

*Strychnos cocculoides* gourds my plates

All my children round in circle

For a communion meal

## False Dawn

When they went out of scene all of us were happy  
But that was our folly for little did we know:  
That a young one of a snake is also a snake  
That everywhere baboons are the same

We were all thirsty for justice  
But where is justice our dear friend  
When courts of law set the most wanted suspects on bail?  
When police dine with the most notorious criminals on the  
land?  
When kings of corruption move freely in the streets?  
When 'fraudsters' pocket millions of dollars of desperate  
home seekers yet still held unaccountable for their crimes?  
When arrogance and cruelty of those at the helm increases  
day by day?  
When the feelings of those in struggle for good life are  
thwarted without excuse?  
Trodden under feet,  
Like a hand thwarting a mosquito against the wall  
False dawn!

## **Africa the Betrayed Continent**

Like sheep in wolves' skins they came  
Like a python luring its prey they behaved

Disturbing peace of peace loving Africa  
Setting her at the edge of a cultural precipice  
Translating their opportunities into difficulties for the sons  
and daughters of the soil  
Endangering the continent willy-nilly  
Threatening all its humanity into nonentity  
Silencing the voiceless  
Only to shatter their hopes

Though welcomed with both hands  
And the people poised for a faithful kiss  
Theirs was a deceitful kiss  
Forged in broad daylight

## Moonlight Shadow

Heated argument it was  
So heated it left bruises in both our hearts  
And footprints of pain in our consciousness

The argument started from the moonlight shadow  
I was saying it was a human being approaching us  
He was saying it's a donkey, big  
She was saying it's a night ghost

For an hour we argued  
The shadow stuck and unmoved  
In that forest path to Wenela

A bad omen  
We all thought  
But Alas!  
What to do?

## Mob Violence, the Maputo Way

They say it's mob violence  
The mob says it's mob justice

Hear the complaints of the mob:  
'We have listened more than enough to these 'Order Order men'  
The ones who say don't take the law in your hands  
The ones who say all crimes should be reported to police  
Thieves  
Rapists  
Murderers  
They take long to execute justice  
Backlogs in the courts'

Now hear the mob, their justice:  
'Our justice never delays  
It descends faster than summer lighting  
Determined  
You steal a goat we cut your arms  
You rape a child we send your mischievous whip to the dogs  
You murder a fellow being we bath you in petrol  
Or smolder you in car tyres  
You drive recklessly and run over somebody we beat you and burn your car  
You shoot somebody the next second you are in hell  
You plunder state coffers, hey beware!  
You will journey alone beyond the cosmos  
Our justice is vicious but fast and efficient  
No backlog'

## Wishes of a Good Child

Riches are good but not the best of all that men can live by

Cash

Houses

Cars

Cell phones

All are signs of a good living

But not the best of all that men can live by

Rather,

I wish to grow up a happy persona

I wish to grow up a wise persona

I wish to grow up a loving persona

I wish to grow up a God fearing persona

For these are the best that men can live by

## Long Gone Ever Present

The dead have gone  
Long gone  
But ever present

When I am seated  
Alone in the forest  
I hear their voices  
Sweet

My eyes too blind to see  
I just hear the echoes  
Scratching myself to make sure I am awake  
Not foraging in the dreamland far away

When I sleep  
My mind prowling all over  
I see them by the key hole  
Peeping  
Sometimes by the window  
Listening to my night breathe

When a war break in their house  
Even a match of some sort  
They ask me and everyone else to participate  
The old  
The young  
The sick  
The strong  
Women  
Men



All sent to war for the cause they know not what  
For they are the only ones privileged to live in two worlds

Their requests

Like those of a comeback child

A sign that they were robbed of their love of mother earth

A sign that they can still rise above their agony

A sign that their attachment to the lovely little ones exist ever

Long gone ever present

## Who doesn't wish?

Day come night go  
Light come darkness go  
Life come death go  
Peace come war go  
Love come hatred go  
Happiness come sorrow go  
Goodness come bad go  
Friend come enemy go  
Hope come hopelessness go  
Health come disease go  
Richness come poverty go  
Who doesn't wish?

## The Price of Ignorance

Too exorbitant a price!  
For going out with him before knowing his status  
I almost paid with a box with no space  
For playing with fire before asking mom whether it burns  
I paid with a cry - a deadly wound  
For sitting in the exam before consulting my teachers and the  
library  
I paid with a failure, dismal  
A heavy fine  
The penalty that pained me all life

Now I stare as I see him  
Descending  
Pick pocketing  
On the morrow  
Before the magistrate  
Five years behind bars  
He cried:  
'I didn't know this would send me here  
Pardon me!'

From the other side of the road  
I look  
Him coming in his Blue Bird  
Criss-crossing  
Eh, he is drunk  
That old woman in three legs  
Struggling to cross over on her legs  
He runs over  
On the morrow

Before the magistrate  
Twenty-five years of hard labor  
He cried:  
'I didn't know it's a crime to drink and drive  
Pardon me!'

Just across the road  
I see  
Two students in uniforms  
Brown bottles in their hands  
Staggering  
By the school gate they vomit  
Only foam  
Before the school Head  
Expulsion  
They cried:  
'We didn't know we shouldn't drink and come to school  
Pardon us!'

On my left side – barely ten meters away  
Melodrama!  
A young man in his teen is quarreling with what appears to be  
a friend  
From his waist  
A pistol!  
He points to the friend  
On the morrow  
Before the magistrate  
Seven years behind bars  
He cried:  
'I didn't know it's a crime to point a gun to a friend and in  
the public

We were only playing and it had no bullets  
Pardon me!  
All because of ignorance

## 16 Years of Horror

*(For the 16 years civil war in Mozambique, 1975-1992)*

I can't believe what I saw  
Though my eyes were wide open  
And in the daylight

My mind keeps on insisting  
That I believe what I saw  
Even my heart  
For it overwhelms my heart and soul  
Even that time  
It was only body who endured to bear the truth

Surviving in horror is tough  
For the memories of the long gone  
Keep coming  
Like the comeback kid  
They keep on reminding  
That I think of them  
And feel for them  
Against those odds and evils that doomed their bodies

I am forced to remember that fateful day  
In my grandmother's village  
Her real home  
Yes  
A toddler I still was  
With milk on my nose  
But the horror doesn't want to be forgotten

From the window of our tiny hut  
I saw them coming  
All with what appeared to be AKs  
Knives and canisters all over their bodies

Knowing the reality of danger  
Grandma fitted in our poor wooden cage  
Tattered rugs all over the cage  
I heard her uttering what seemed a silent prayer to the whale  
of the sea  
To come and do what it did to Jonah

How they discovered her  
I don't know  
All what I know  
They never dared asking anything  
But of their own volition  
Separated her goodness from me  
Her soul they took away  
And off they went

## Death of the Village Preacher

The village is quiet  
Only funeral dirges  
Gourds of tears  
All broken  
The village preacher is dead!

The village preacher is dead!  
The village preacher who warned of the impending drought  
The village preacher who rebuked the elephant when it  
plundered the poor man's hut  
The village preacher who criticized the elephant for frittering  
away the village coffers  
The village preacher who revealed the elephant's lie  
The village preacher who preached peace that year war broke  
out  
The village preacher is dead

The village preacher is dead!  
Why did he die?  
Did he deserve this untimely death?  
Can't you death restore the life you have stolen away?  
Don't you know the village preacher deserves no death?

The village preacher is dead!  
Now the elephant will plunder the poor men's huts without  
shame  
Now the elephant will lie without shame  
Now the village planners will squander the village coffers  
without recourse



Now the warlords will wedge war against the innocent  
without shame

The village preacher is dead!  
Who will rebuke the elephant?  
Who will shame the elephant?  
Who will catch up with the elephant?

The village preacher is dead!  
Because the village preacher was a man of truth  
Now the village is gone  
Only its gourds of tears will remain  
Flowing like the waters of the Nile  
Marking the good works of the village preacher

## Before Winter Swallows Summer

Before winter swallows summer  
Gather everything protective  
Ahead of harsh weathers to come  
For there shall be no time  
To go out in bad weather

Before night swallows day  
Gather many sticks for a bonfire  
For the night shall be longer than usual  
And there shall be no time  
To go out at night  
To gather more sticks

But a question for you:  
Would you be happy if winter is dead  
That summer comes  
And comes to stay?

Or  
Would you celebrate if night is kidnapped  
That day comes  
And comes to stay?

Or  
Would you weep like a child whose sweet is taken away from  
his mouth  
That summer and winter, night and day  
Should alternate?

I once asked the youth these questions  
They only looked at me  
Dumbfounded

I then asked the elders  
They all said: 'Madness- These are the rantings of a madman  
You better go where you were bewitched  
To hell with your stupid questions'

I then went to the wise  
They all said: 'Man!  
Come, sit here!  
And let's discuss this matter  
But meanwhile you better write a poem  
Then  
We discuss the matter'

And even today  
We are still discussing

## Child Love

Voice: When I was a child

Chorus: Yes

I loved everyone

Yes

When I was a child

Yes

Even to my enemies

Yes

I smiled

Yes

Not a treacherous smile

Yes

But a faithful smile

Yes

When I was a child

Yes

Even to those witches

Yes

Who planned to feast on me

Yes

I waved in love

Yes

When I was a child

Yes

I didn't know

Yes

That

Growing up  
Yes  
Deprives  
Yes  
Me  
Yes  
Of my faithful love  
Yes  
That ever since  
Yes  
Was unconditional  
Yes

Now  
Yes  
That I realize  
Yes  
The folly of growth  
Yes  
I long  
Yes  
To go back  
Yes  
To my mother's womb  
Yes

But  
Yes  
When I come back  
Yes  
I tell you  
Yes

I would not want  
Yes  
To grow  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

## **Beware!**

Beware of what might befall you  
Judgment  
But perhaps misjudgment

Serial killers  
Murderers  
Exterminators of life  
Young and old

Even those of you  
Who kill with guns and injections  
You can't get away with it that easy  
As you foolish yourselves through stupid imagination  
For killing is killing

And worse still the insane murderers  
Killers of the innocent – they say unwanted children  
Unwanted by whom?  
And who are you to decide for the unwanted?  
Beware!

Even you  
Wizards and witches – cannibals  
Who feast on human flesh  
You will not be spared  
Perhaps if you repent  
And leave your old ways

And you  
Dictators

Who rule with a sword  
Where is your peace,  
The peace you promised your people?  
Beware!

Lucifer is there  
Like a thief in the dark  
Waiting  
His kiln is ready hot  
His fork ready sharp  
His energy ready invigorated  
Also enraged by your numbers  
You are too many a people!



## Singing Rage of the Indian Ocean

It is not the advancing tide of the Indian Ocean  
That compels me to sing this song  
Nor the radiance of the waves of the ocean in summer  
That compels me to open my mouth  
Not even the waves of the ocean crashing to the shore  
That compels me to speak

It is not the echoes of the tides of the Indian Ocean  
That makes me cry  
Nor the triumphal arterial of the ocean in summer  
That makes me drop my tears

The spirit of love deep down the labyrinth of my heart  
Compels  
The spirit that longs ocean and land to marry  
To procreate together  
Not to enter into a contract of war  
Compels

I have observed it many times  
That  
When ocean sings his rage  
The fertile carrier of land shrivel of her parallax power  
Trembling  
Like a fearful dog  
Its tail directs down – beneath  
But ocean appears to be merciless even to those who have  
surrendered  
He plunders without concern  
He obliterates without compassion

‘Who shall go out there  
To plead with the raging sea?’  
Asked land one of those days  
But all her councilors were cowards  
No one volunteered  
So,  
The rage of ocean continues

# John

*(For my cousin brother, John)*

Though it is good to be written and read  
When you join the line to ancestors  
It is even better to be written and read  
When your body and spirit still hold on to each other  
For the good  
It encourages  
For the bad  
It teaches

Over to you  
John  
For the works of your own hands  
And the revealed thoughts of your own spirit

Far be that you  
Strangled with distance  
My mind searches unceasingly  
Soul searching  
For the spring of your works  
Good works

With your works  
I am convinced when the adage goes:  
'Teachers are born not bred'  
To us all  
You are a teacher who was born not bred

For those of us who follow you  
Your works never tire

To yield  
Hope  
Success  
And happiness

When I learnt of the news  
Breaking news!  
That they have stolen away your partner  
Your eye at work – Nyemu  
All our gourds were torn  
Asunder  
To émigré the hidden waters – tears  
Until when  
We cannot tell  
For the gourds are perennial

But cry not brother  
Cry not without hope  
For every event has a reason for its cause  
Your good works  
Her good works  
Your everlasting wonderful lessons  
Her everlasting wonderful lessons  
They were all seeds sown on the fertile land  
One day is one day  
They will sprout – emerge  
And grow  
To replace the cemetery of hopelessness that the devil has  
sown  
Deep in the labyrinth of your heart

My message  
Small but great  
Let hope flourishes forever in you  
For what was stolen from you shall be replaced  
When the time comes

## When People Want to Speak

When people want to speak  
The will of their hearts  
It is like smoke of a burning house  
It cannot be concealed

When people want to speak  
The will of their hearts  
It is like a full tight balloon  
It cannot be pressed under water

I have seen it in Rome  
I have seen it in China

I have seen it in the Americas  
I have seen it in Egypt

I have seen it in Philippines  
I have seen it in Malawi

I have seen it in Togo  
I have seen it elsewhere

Where bad governance prevails  
Also lies, deception and propaganda exist  
I can't leave out larceny and kleptocracy  
For together they are the spices  
That set democracy under fire  
And destroy the will of the people

While the despot do everything possible

To consolidate his power  
To repress criticism  
To chase forbidden longings in hot pursuit of undue fame  
To give himself a leg up on competition  
Even where the stone hungers for a change  
The will of the people will not weary

No matter how long it may take  
For the will of the people to be printed on the walls of the  
white house  
No amount of force  
Nor strength of a dictator  
Even political moth, rust, and temerity  
Will ever be able to rule without the people's consent forever

Where poor governance yields  
The rulers shall expect to reap in obscurity  
Bedlam  
Tribulation  
And even orgies and parties when ousted  
But where good governance prevails  
Excellence  
And prominence

## The Power of Poetry

They think nothing but violence  
When they eat - even feasting  
They do so to nourish their energies  
To execute violence par – excellence

Now let the poet speak  
Though they say words do not kill  
Now let the poet cry  
Though they say the poet's cry do not bring back the dead  
Now let the poet sing  
Though they say the song of a poet is like an ant on the back  
of an elephant  
Now let the poet breathe  
Though they say the breathe of a poet is like still wind in the  
desert  
Now let the poet spit on their works  
Though they say the saliva of a poet is like a drop of oil in the  
ocean

One day is one day  
The words of a poet  
Shall kill he who do not believe  
The cry of a poet  
Shall bring back the long departed  
The song of a poet  
Shall overwhelm the elephant of the land  
The breathe of a poet  
Shall blow away the elephant like a mosquito in the whirlwind  
The saliva of a poet



Shall diffuse all the waters of the ocean like a drop of  
raspberry in a glass of water

Because flesh no matter of which animal  
Will bleed when cut

Because elephant no matter how big it is  
Will suffer pain and loss

Because elephant no matter how heavy it is  
Will feel the effect of the wind

Because water no matter how much it is  
Will feel the presence of oil

Such is the power of poetry

## Distance

Yesterday I didn't know  
That distance hurts even those who love her  
That distance kills even those who smile at her

I have been watching for some time now  
The cunning steps of distance  
That it behave like wind who asks mosquito to accompany  
her to some place  
Mosquito thinking wind will accompany him back to where  
he took him

I have been watching for some time now  
The treacherous tricks of distance  
That like a hungry python plays glitters to prey  
The prey thinking it has met a best friend ever since

Her works?  
Dirty!

Five years down the line she sent Peter the father of four to  
the Americas  
Back home his family she torn apart

Four years down the line she sent Joseph the betrothed to  
England  
Back home her betrothed girlfriend she betrothed yet to  
another man

Three years down the line she sent the best friends of the  
land - Manuel and Daniel

One to Canada and the other to Japan  
In a month's time she had destroyed their friendship

Two years down the line she sent Tapita to Australia  
Back home his relationship with his parents she killed

Now, I hear the news in the city  
Rumours  
That she has recently sent Tamanda to Holland  
Leaving behind his wife  
I fear for them  
I fear!

## In Gorongoza Forest

It was my two dogs and I  
Together in the forest  
Myself whistling the totemic praises of my long gone fathers  
Atop the morning dew of June  
Searching for the red boy of the left hand

A few meters into the heart of the forest  
Alas!  
My God!  
The king of the jungle  
Hidden under the gazing African morning sun

The silence that followed answered with a whisper  
Fine but strong  
Collected memories of my departed grandfather trickling in  
'Don't run  
Look him right in the eyes if you meet him'  
I remembered  
My heart playing *mbakumba*  
A dance that leaves one tired and sweating

My dogs – my companion boys!  
A sigh of relief  
Machena and Chikara wagging their virile tails  
Emerging from the back of the king of the jungle

Stealing away the attention of the king  
He faced my boys –Machena and Chikara  
For a moment  
Playing a matador's fearful dance with the bull

His finger nails playing an untold story on my boys

I only remember holding tight – clinging

To a branch at the zenith of a *Diospyros mespiliformis*

How I got there

Only fortune

To tell this incredible tale

But my boys now history

## Troubled Mother Earth

My heart  
All wounds  
Bleeding  
Weeping  
For ozone my friend  
Crying  
For mother earth my sister  
And her loving daughters  
River  
Forest  
And atmosphere

I plead  
Day and night  
To ears that never hear  
To eyes that never see  
To hearts that never feel

They listen not when I tell them the news  
That ozone layer is now all holes  
Broken  
That thick rain forest over there is now history  
That the water in that river is now tea with milk  
That the grounds by the city are now pain in the neck  
Havens of rats where all, big and small, hold their meetings  
even during the day  
Hives of flies where all, small and the green bombers, hold  
their rallies all day

Only yesterday  
I told them breaking news  
That the other forest by the river is only smoke that staggers  
skywards  
Threatening mother earth a lifeless burnt cinder  
Poisoning the very air they share with all others  
But their ears  
All concrete

They seem not to care  
As the mindless zombies of the desert

They exploit as if they will all die today  
They burn as if they breathe only smoke  
They pollute water as if they bathe not  
They harvest as if they want to migrate to another planet  
today  
Troubling our mother earth

Is this not our common heritage  
Mother earth  
That with glean hope  
God endowed with all treasure?

## **The Hard Hit Drought**

*(In memory of the 1992 drought in Southern Africa)*

Days of hot dry air accumulated into weeks

Into fortnights and into months

All:

People,

Plants,

Animals,

And even the mother earth

Waiting for the rain

In what used to be a thick forest

I watched

Trees bowing down their heads in grief as they pray for deliverance

Their roots, trunks, branches and leaves

All dressed in sorrow as they thirsty and hunger for life

In the fields

I watched helplessly

As I saw Master Farmers' scores of months of hard labour wasted

Reduced to spittle dust

Their monies buried to rot as if was a sacrifice to mother earth

Leaving them with gloom hope and heads bowed in sorrow

All in one prayer

'God, why have you forsaken us?'

In the sky

The sun had fought its fierce wicked battle against cloud



It was all blue from east to west, north to south  
Even the Zaire-Congo winds could not garner the courage to  
enter the ring  
To fight sun the ruthless warrior  
For trees and birds had refused to form allies with them to  
fight sun

With a hopeless heart  
I carried my mosquito body down to the weeping forest  
Not to console her but to add salt to her bleeding wounds  
Digging fiercely her desperate roots  
Wicked sun watching  
With a smile in his face

God forbid  
Even sun must have mercy on us  
We couldn't resist  
The thinking that Lucifer had grabbed the keys of heaven  
from the angel of rain and ran mad  
To starve the people and force them into his kingdom

Only after several months of desperate waiting  
Perhaps when the angel of God got hold of him, he who had  
stolen away the keys  
That is when we saw wind now cooperating  
Clouds in action – in real combat  
Uniformed  
Plants dancing unceasingly  
Whistling and ululating to encourage wind and cloud not to  
lose hope  
At last sky was pregnant  
Then it happened

## Spoiled Child

A toddler  
I was spoiled  
Deceived from the start by she who gave me milk  
Chewing for me  
Treating me like a golden egg  
Yet beckoning harbingers of lethargy and bad lucky

In me false hope was sown  
Only castles in the air  
Built  
In me pseudo packages of success were tasselled  
Only to reach stunted growth before noon

Forty years later  
On this lonely road I wane  
I remain a child amidst peers  
With nothing to show except age  
All my blessings ran away mad  
Escorting indolence

As usual the morning sun rises  
To bring me nothing but dazzling reality  
Compelling me to accept all it brings without choice  
Even the ugly images of poverty I receive  
Even the incredible packages of smokescreen I receive  
For I no longer know what is good for me

I,  
Mr Lonely the deserted  
All friends,

My wife,  
My children,  
Have left years, years ago  
Leaving behind me, Mr Lonely  
Suffering untold hardships that even his ancestors never  
tasted

In me they saw nothing but a nebulous whirlwind  
Lost in the outlandish cadence scuffle of evil land  
And fallen prey to pleonastic confusion  
I am spoiled a child

## **Tanuka was her name**

In the interior village of Tamazu  
Lived a beatific 'princess', the forest blooming rose  
Her name beautiful and unique  
Tanuka the blooming rose

Tall and slender  
She was  
Her exquisiteness  
A talking magic  
A gossip of the birds of the forest  
A free tourist attraction for the countless  
An emblem of decoration  
Yet the only daughter of Takapiwa and Tendai, the pitiable  
old villagers

So loved was she the blooming rose  
And so loving was she the blooming rose  
All she had to do was to ask her parents  
She would become the spring of their happiness  
Their only God given treasure

The days that followed  
Her plans she hatched  
And grew to lure the son of the richest but humblest man on  
the land

Then came the day  
Nokito the well-heeled man's son  
A well built, gorgeous and morally upright young man  
Ambitious but reticent

Slow in action but wit and intelligent

After many arrows from all over the village had missed the  
blooming rose

He made his way to the rose

Slow but sure of his steps

Lest he fall and miss the rose

There she is

As he sings his melodic song

She only nods

Nodding in approval

Her little heart running amok in traces of joy

Her eyes jerking,

Lyrics of hope looming

For she knew

This day will come

No need to rush

Together

In unison

They went

Only to come back treasure and happiness

What Tanuka had pledged



The poems in this collection dissect and cut across psychological and cultural spaces as the poet reflects on the profundity of his experiences and encounters. The thoughtful reflections provide a snapshot of what it means to live in a world where difference and sameness are never to be taken for granted. Though written from Africa, the poems transcend the geographical, cultural and emotional landscapes that have inspired the poet's creative genius. The poems reflect a wide gamut of themes such as love, anomy, hope, megalomania, treachery, education, vigilance and other tussles of everyday life. All those who cherish the moral rectitude of peace, culture, faithful questioning and critical thinking will find value in this enticing collection.

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